

- HERGÉ -

THE ADVENTURES OF
TINTIN
RED RACKHAM'S
TREASURE



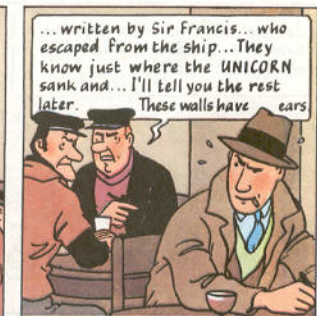
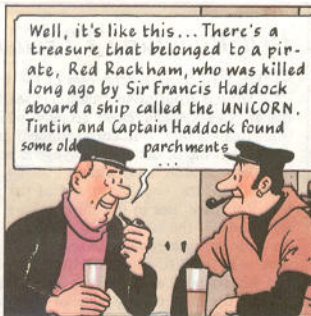
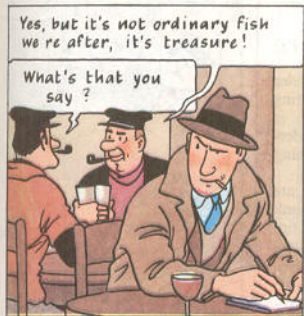
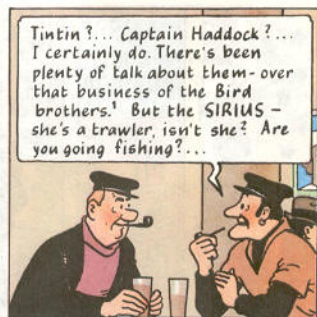
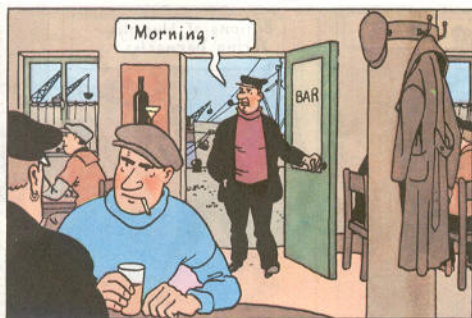
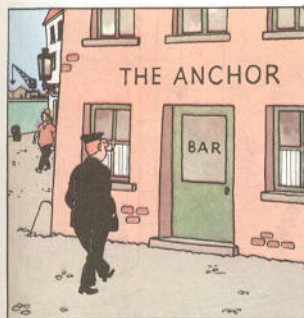
darkside collection

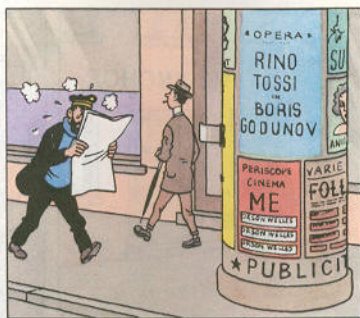
MAGNET

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RED RACKHAM'S TREASURE



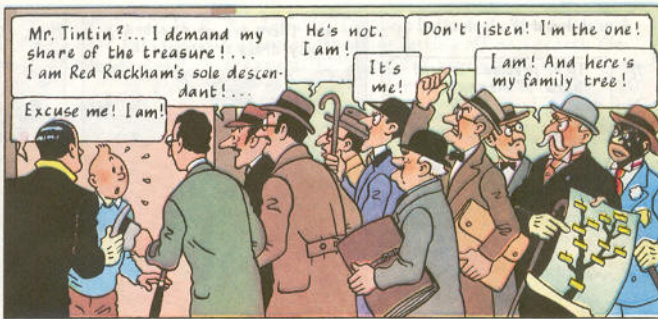


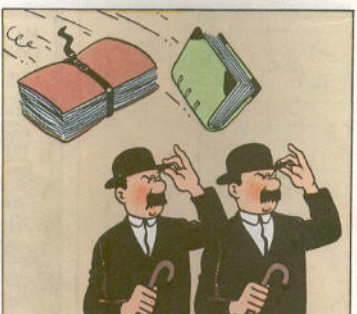
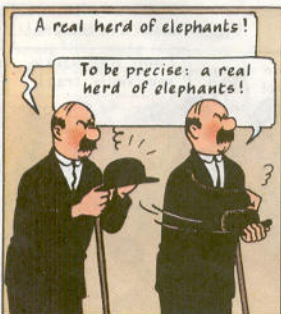
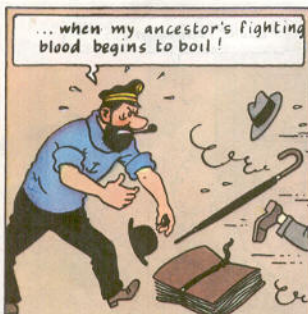
Red Rackham's Treasure

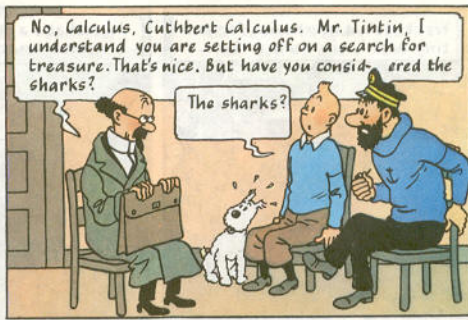
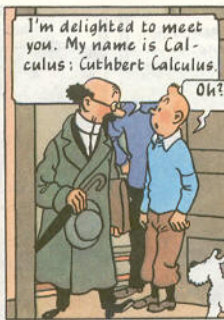
THE forthcoming departure of the trawler *Sirius* is arousing speculation in sea-faring circles. Despite the close secrecy which is being maintained, our correspondent understands that the object of the voyage is nothing less than a search for treasure.

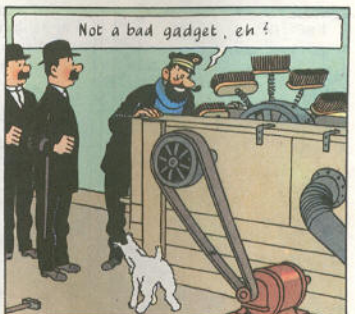
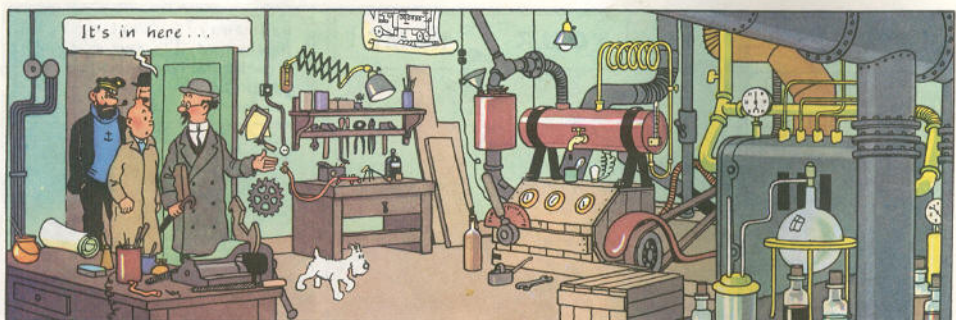
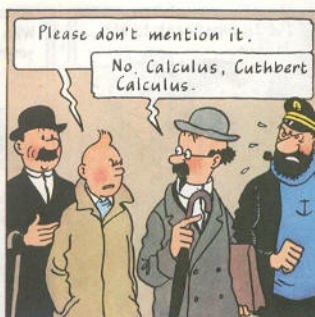
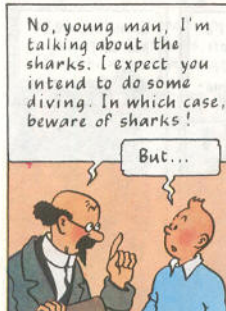
This treasure, once the hoard of the pirate Red Rackham, lies in the ship *Unicorn*, sunk at the end of the seventeenth century. Tintin, the famous reporter—whose sensational intervention in the Bird case made headline news—and his friend Captain Haddock, have discovered the exact resting-place of the *Unicorn*,

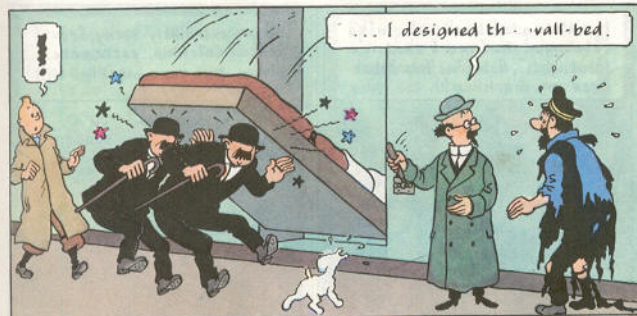
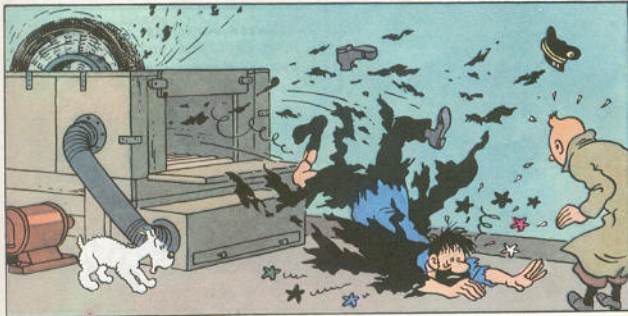










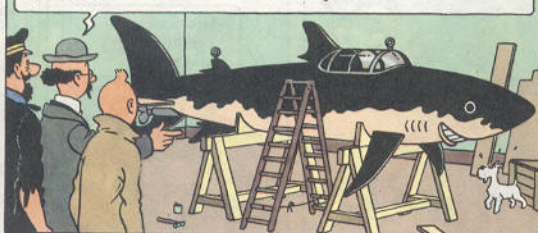




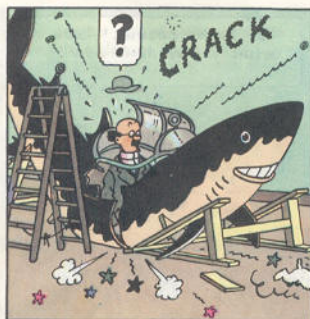
And here's my apparatus for exploring the sea-bed.



As you can see for yourselves, it's a kind of small submarine. It is powered by an electric motor, and has oxygen supplies for two hours' diving...



Now I'll show you how the apparatus works...



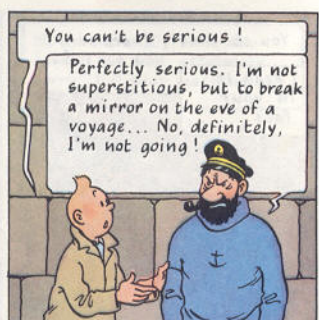
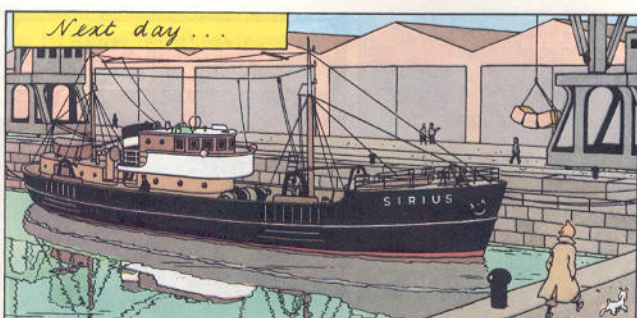
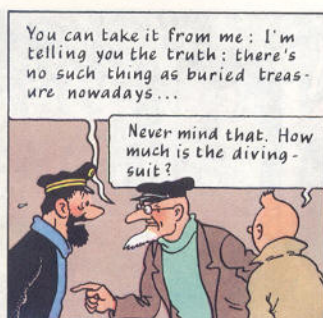
I can't understand it!... It's sabotage! No sir, I said it's sabotage!... Someone has sabotaged my machine!

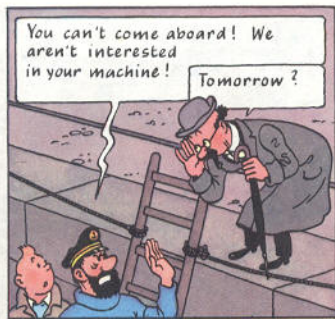
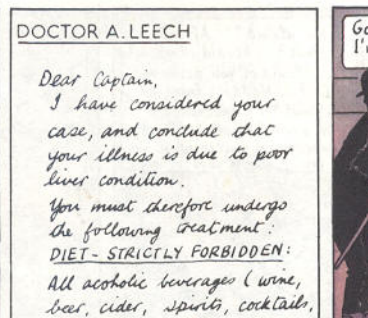


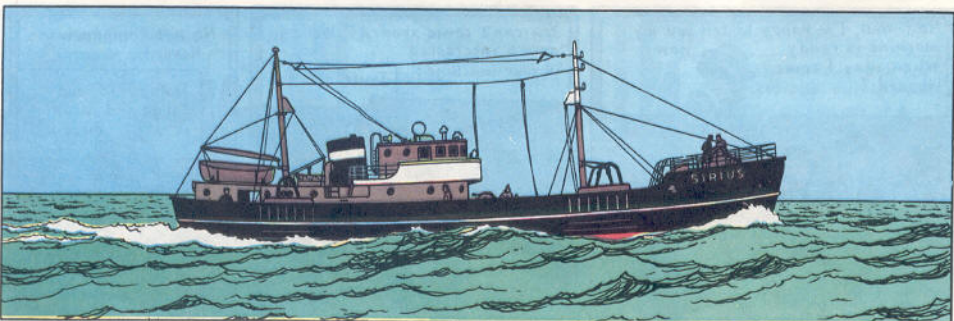
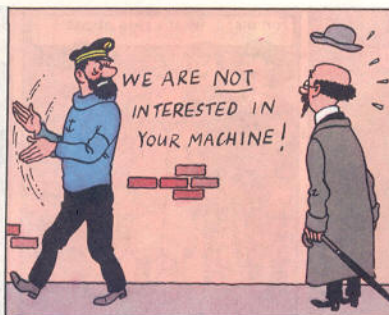
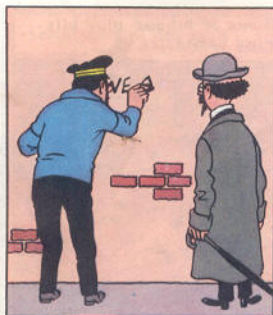
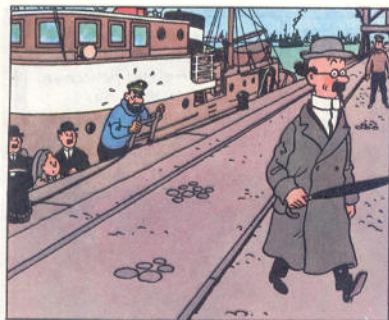
We are extremely sorry, Professor Calculus, extremely sorry, but your machine will not do.

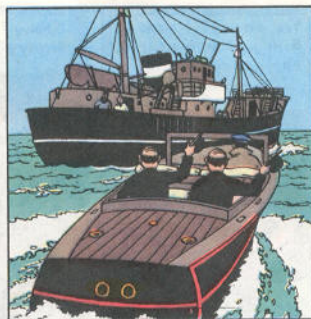
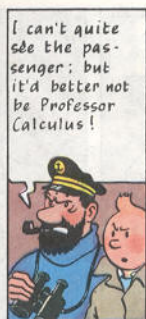
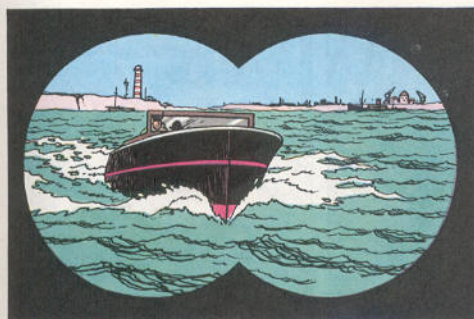
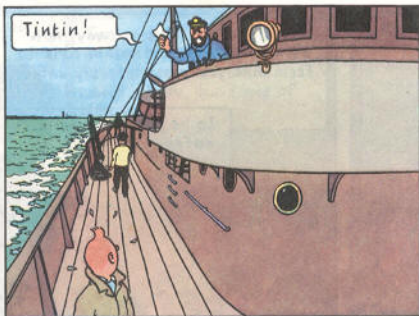


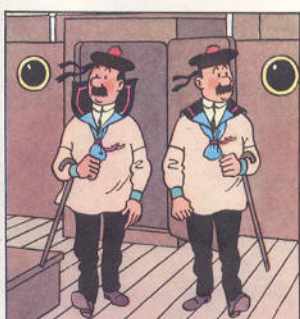
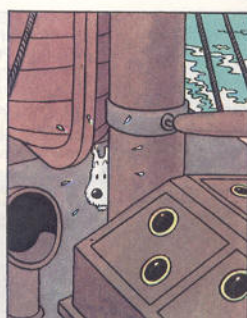
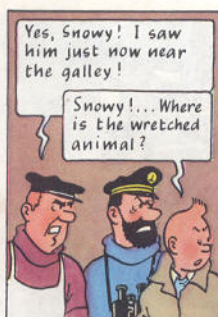












We must behave like old sea-dogs ...

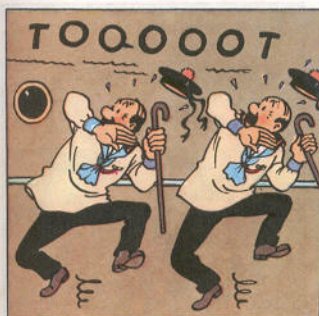


For a start, we'd better learn to chew tobacco. All old sea-dogs chew a quid. Here, have one of these...



What do we do, Captain? We're bearing down on that fishing fleet...

Give a blast on the siren; that'll warn them.

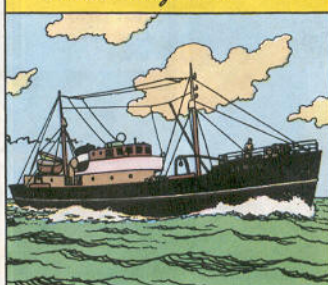


Goodness!... My tobacco!...

Mine... mine too... I swallowed it!...



Next day ...



This has got to stop!... Yes, it's got to stop!



Yes, Captain. Yesterday it was a box of biscuits! This morning a whole chicken has disappeared!

The wretched dog!



Snowy!... Snowy!... Where's he hiding?... Snowy!



Snowy!... Snowy!...



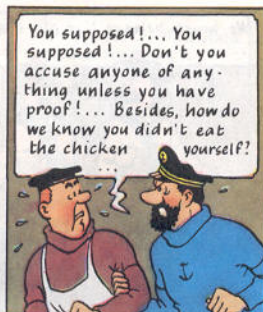


Snowy!... Snowy!... Where on earth can he be hiding?...

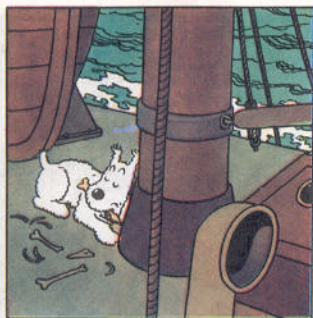


You really saw him make off with the chicken?

Well, I didn't exactly see him, but I supposed ...



You supposed!... You supposed!... Don't you accuse anyone of anything unless you have proof!... Besides, how do we know you didn't eat the chicken yourself?



That evening...

Good night. You might just keep an eye on Snowy.

Don't worry. I'll watch him! Good night. Captain...



THIEF!
SAME TO YOU



Crumbs! That's the two detectives...



What's going on here?...



It's him, Tintin!... He's stolen my pillow!

That's not true! It's him - he's taken one of my blankets!



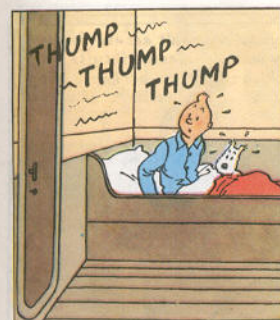
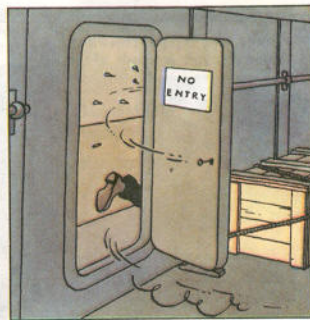
Aren't you ashamed, at your age? Quarrelling over such trifles! Now, that's all over, isn't it?



Now let's go to bed!



Billions of blistering barnacles!







OH!



Great snakes!... He... he... why, he's drunk!



Snowy, what have you done? Pooh! Your breath smells of whisky!



Now come on!... Show us where you found the whisky...

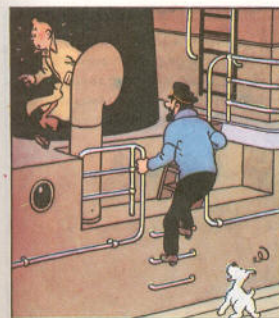
All right... You... you want a d-d-d-drink too?



Look!



See, the bottle must have smashed up there. Let's investigate.



There!



Blistering barnacles! If I ever catch him!



Sh!... Listen...



ZZZ...ZZZ...ZZZ...

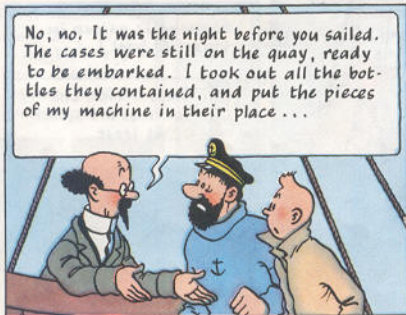


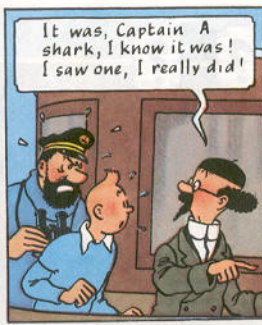
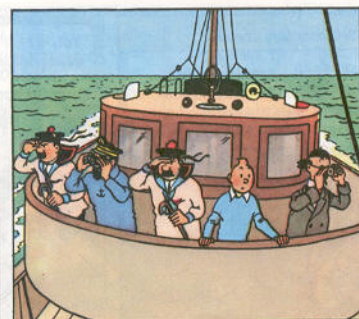
Someone is asleep in this life-boat!

Impossible: the lashings are secure... At least...



Blistering barnacles! The lashings are free this side! There's someone in this lifeboat!

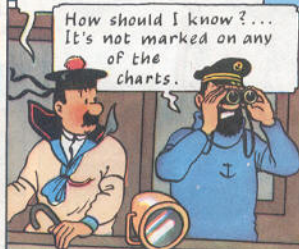




Still no sign... It's very strange...



What's the name of the island?



How should I know?... It's not marked on any of the charts.

Oh?... But you are sure we're near it?



Positive! I plotted the position yesterday at noon.

Yes, I see. But... er... supposing you made a mistake in your calculations...



Oh, so I made a mistake in my calculations, did I?... All right: they're on my table. Go and check them!... Yes, you! Now! Go on! Check them!



Tell me, Captain, was that a fish jumping out of the water just now?

No, it was a grand piano!



Ah, I didn't think it could have been a fish...



A few minutes later...

You must forgive me, Captain, but there really is a little mistake in your calculations. Look, this is where we are, exactly...



You are right... I have made a mistake. Gentlemen, please take off your hats...



Why must we take off our hats, Captain?...

Sh!...



?



Now...

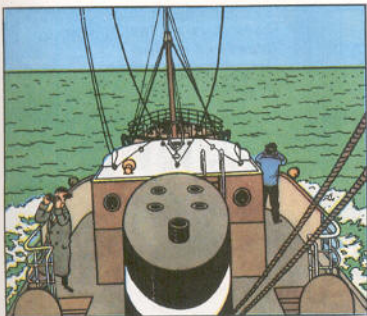
But Captain, tell us what you mean...



I mean, gentlemen, that according to your calculations we are now standing inside Westminster Abbey!



Thousands of thundering typhoons! Where's that miserable island got to?



I'm beginning to think Sir Francis Haddock was pulling our legs.

I'm beginning to think so too!



We'll soon see! It's almost noon. We'll take a sight. I'll go and fetch my sextant.



That's it... Let's go in, and I'll work it out...



The figures given in the parchments were latitude $20^{\circ}37'42''$ North, longitude $70^{\circ}52'15''$ West. Here's our position now; the same latitude, longitude $71^{\circ}2'29''$ West.



So we've already passed the right point, and yet we saw nothing... I simply can't understand it!



Captain, I think I've got it!



What do you mean?

Well, the meridian from which you calculated the degrees of longitude was of course the Greenwich meridian...



You don't suppose I used one in Timbuctoo!

No, wait. Supposing Sir Francis Haddock used a French chart—he easily could have done. Then zero would be on the Paris meridian—and that lies more than two degrees east of Greenwich!



Blistering barnacles, that's an idea! You may be right! Perhaps we are too far to the west. We'll go back on our tracks...



Coxswain
at the wheel!
... Helm
hard a-port!
... Midships!
... Steer
due east.



Captain, what is hap-
pening? ... We seem
to be turning back.

Yes, Professor Cal-
culus, we're turn-
ing back.



Oh, that's all right
then ... I was afraid
we were turning
back.



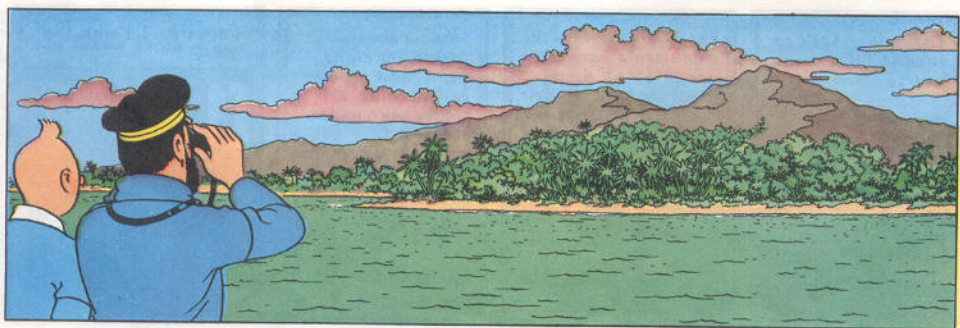
How easy it is to be mistaken.
I'd have sworn we'd
turned back.



That evening...



There it is at last! Our
treasure island!

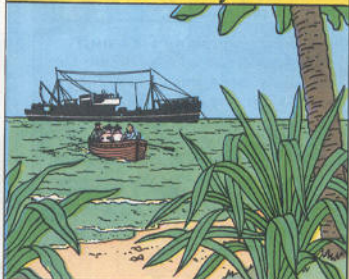


It's too late to go
ashore tonight. We'll
drop anchor, and to-
morrow we'll explore
the island ...

Right! ...



Next morning...



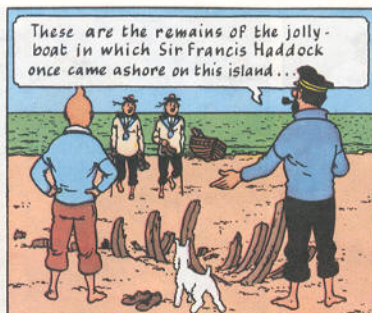
Haul the boat up the beach. I'm
going to reconnoitre.



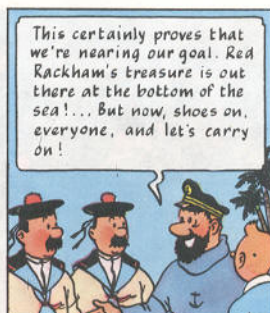




Hello, what have they found?



These are the remains of the jolly-boat in which Sir Francis Haddock once came ashore on this island...

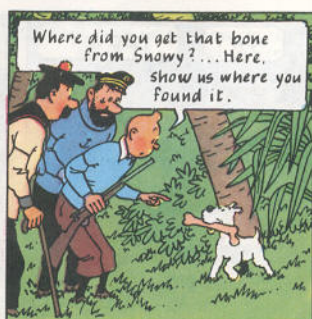


This certainly proves that we're nearing our goal. Red Rackham's treasure is out there at the bottom of the sea!... But now, shoes on, everyone, and let's carry on!

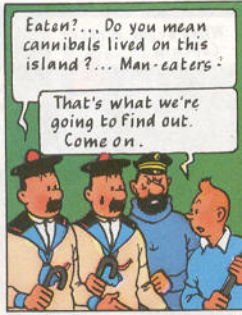


WOAH!

That's Snowy!... He ran on ahead!...



Where did you get that bone from Snowy?... Here, show us where you found it.



My word! It's meant to be
Sir Francis Haddock!



Look at that mouth! His voice
must have made an enormous
impression on the natives. I
can just imagine their faces the
first time they heard
him shout:
"Ration my
rum!"



RRRATION MY
RRRUM!



What's the matter,
Captain?



Who shouted
like that?



What?... Wasn't
it you?

No, it wasn't me! Thun-
dering typhoons!



Yes, it's Sir Francis
Haddock.

RRRATION MY
RRRUM!



It came from over there.



Not a soul!



This island is h-h-haunted,
Captain. Let's hurry back t-t-to
the sh-sh-ship.

To b-b-be precise: I-let's
hurry back t-t-to the
sh-sh-ship.

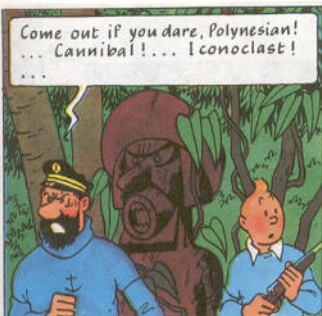


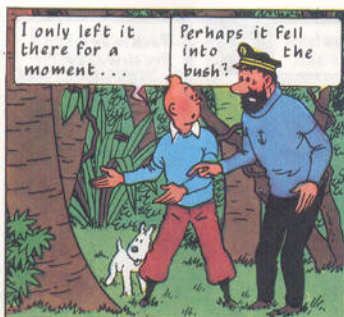
Pithecanthropus!...
Pockmark!...

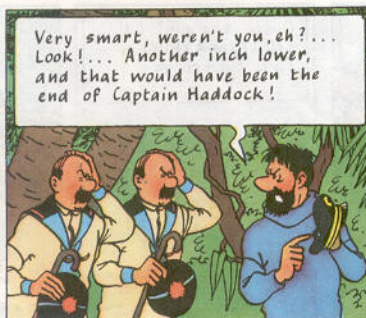
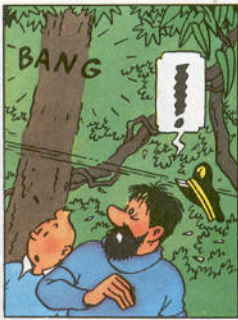
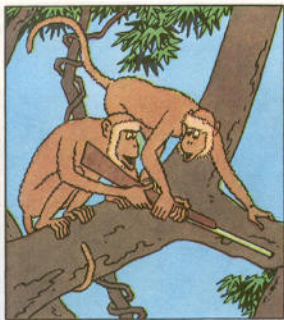
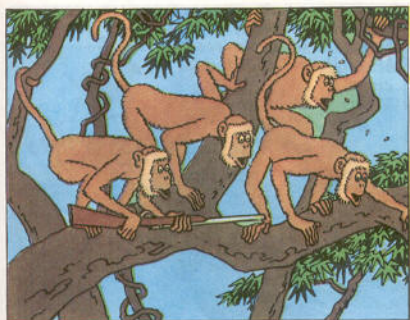


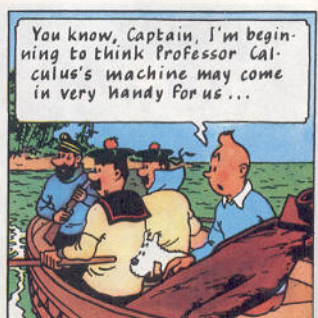
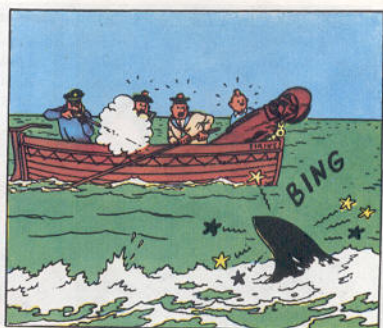
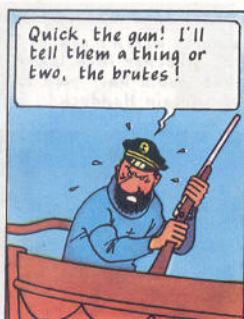
Pockmark yourself, you gib-
bering ghost!



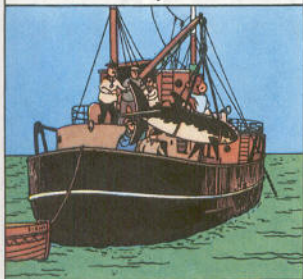




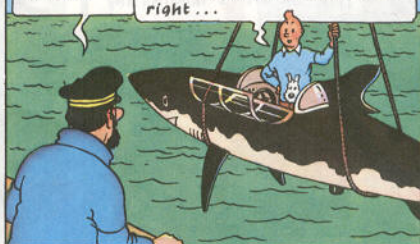




Next day ...



You've made up your mind ?



Yes... Professor Calculus has explained exactly how his machine works. It'll be all right ...

Stop! ... Just a minute! ...



[I forgot to tell you. When you locate the wreck, press the little red button on the left of the instrument panel. That releases a small canister attached underneath the machine. It is full of a substance that gives off thick smoke when it comes into contact with water. That will show us where the wreck lies.]

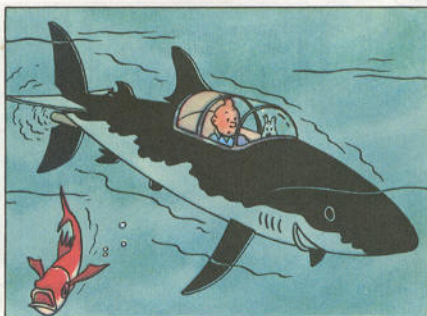


A little red button?...Right!

No, red! A little red button ... You've got it? Good... Well, goodbye, and good luck!

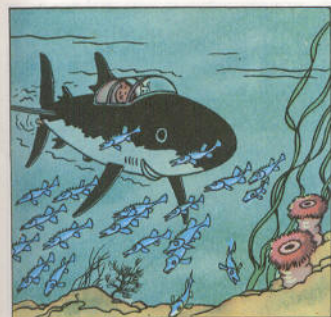


There he goes: he's dived.



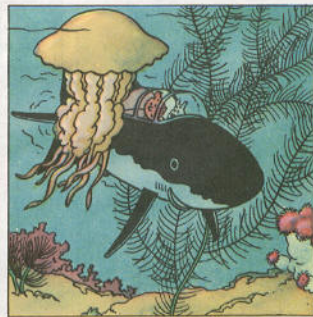
This is fun, eh Snowy ?

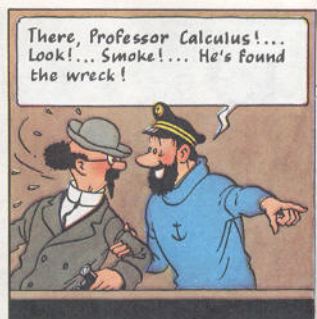
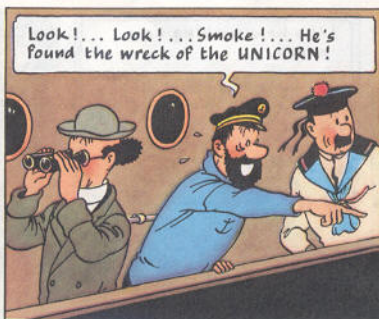
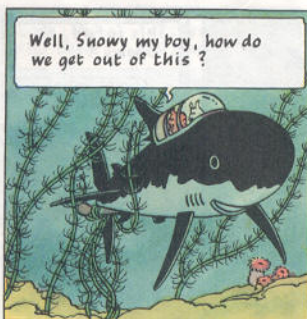
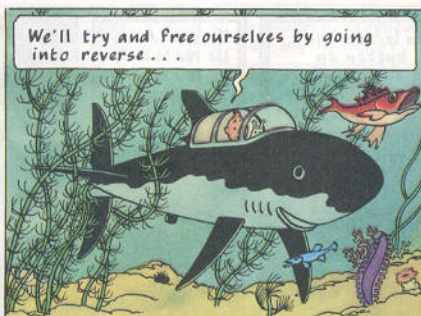
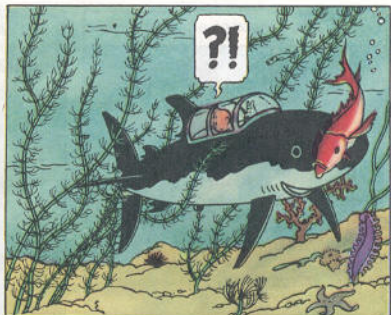
Golly, what a lot of water!

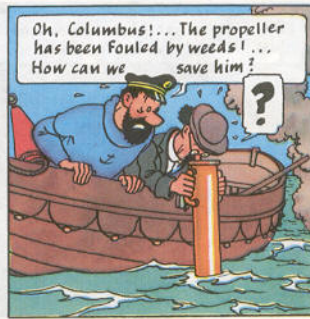
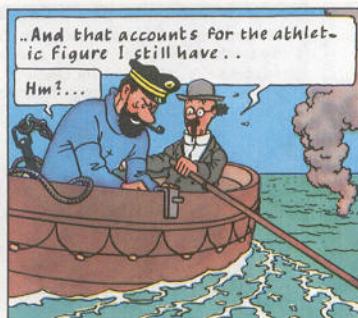
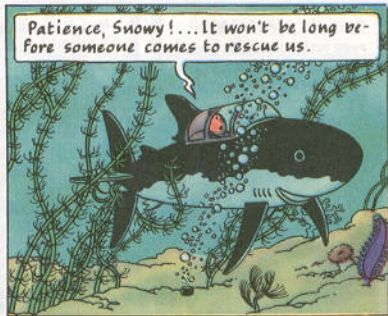


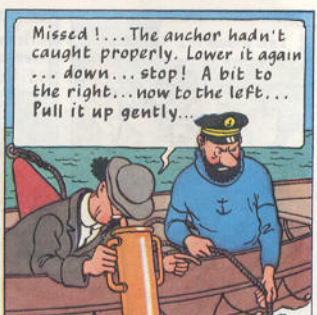
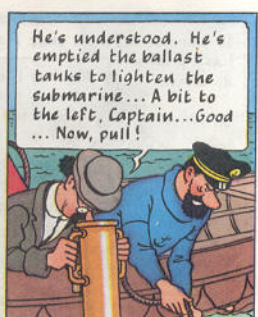
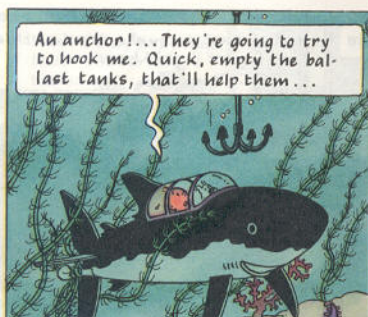
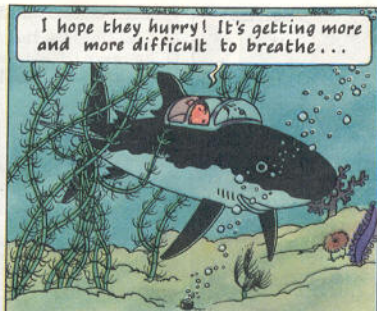
Let's hope nothing goes wrong...

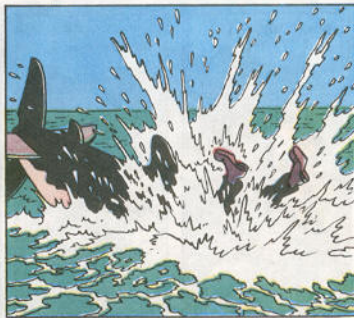
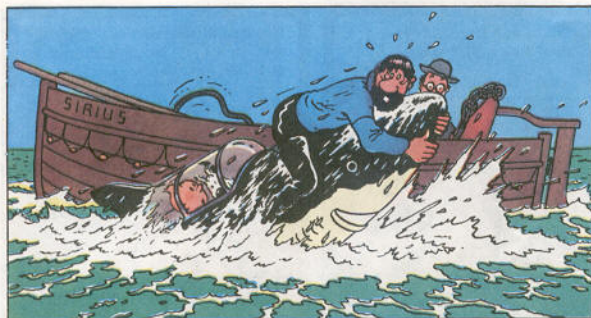
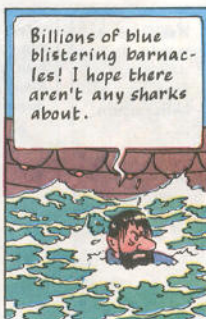
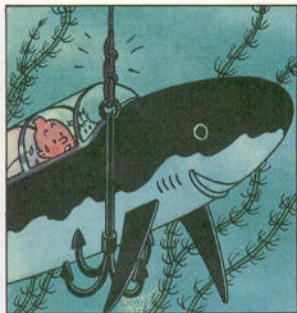
Gone long? Why, it's only ten minutes since he dived...

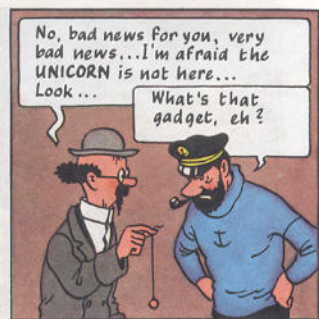
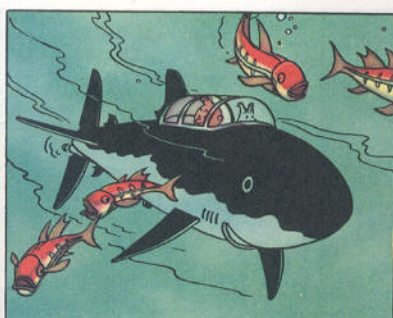
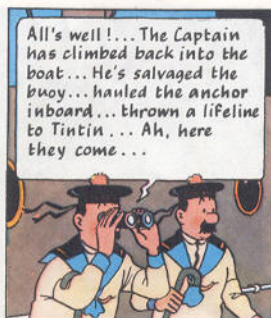


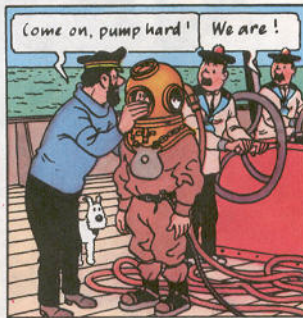
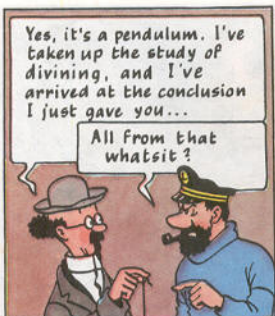


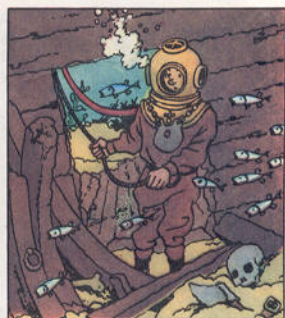
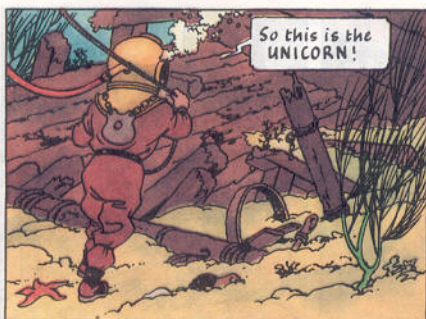
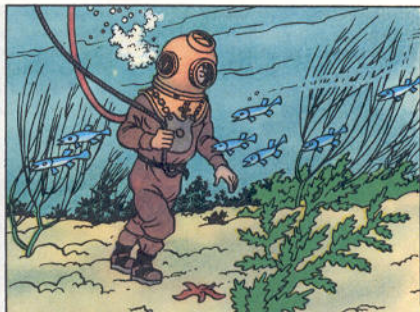












Crumbs! What's happening?
The air supply has stopped!
...



Thundering typhoons! What are you two
doing there, instead
of pumping?



Us? We're resting...it's
tiring work, you know.

You infernal
impersonations
of Abominable
Snowmen!
Pump for your
lives!...Faster!



Whew!...That's better!
... Now the air's coming
again. That gave me
quite a fright...



Excuse me, Captain, but I don't
understand... Since the UNICORN is
not here, why has Tintin gone down?



He's picking daisies down
below!



Having a row?
I don't see a
boat?

Two jerks on the line!
He wants to come
up. I'm sure he must
have found some-
thing!



Heave-ho!... Heave-ho!



Here he is



What has he got?



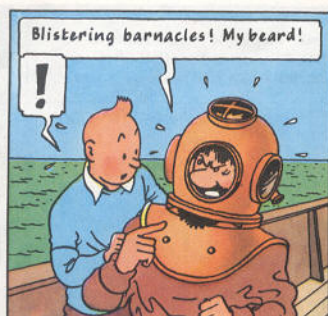
A gold cross, encrusted with precious
stones!... and a cutlass!... I say,
this cross is superb!

We've made a good
start, eh?



Now why did he
tell me that
Tintin had gone
for a row?







A bottle? What can that mean? ...



A bottle of rum, my friends! ... Jamaica rum, and it's more than two hundred and fifty years old! ... Just you taste it!



GLUG
GLUG
GLUG



GLUG
GLUG
GLUG



Mm! ... It's wonderful! ... It's absolutely w-wonderful! Y-y-you taste it! ... Yes, yes, that's f-f-for you! ... I'm g-g-going st-st-straight back to g-get a-a-a-another f-for m-myself...



That beats everything! He's gone in without his helmet!



Billions of bilious blue blistering barnacles! Those two jelly-fishes forgot to pump again!



Sea-gherkins! ... Freshwater swabs! ... Ectoplasms! ... Bashi-bazouks! ...



But...but it wasn't us, you ...

Silence! You were told to pump, then pump, by thunder!



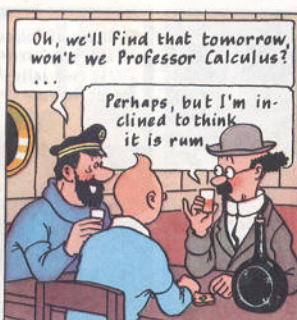
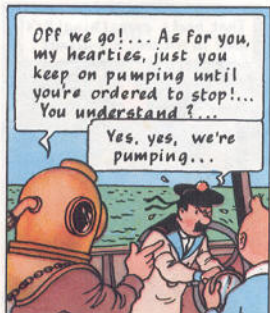
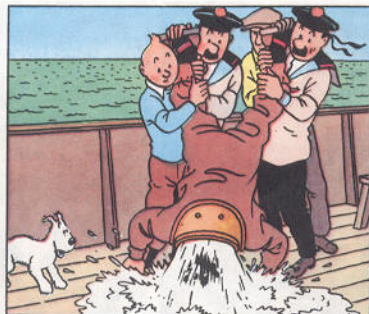
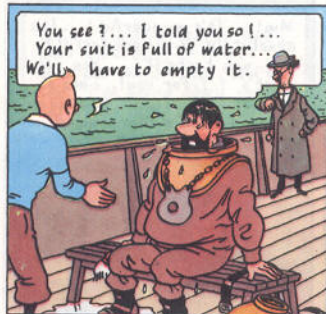
It's no use drying yourself, Captain. You must empty your suit first ... Take it off now.

Take it off? ... Never! ... Never! ...



I'll rest a minute, and go down again







What d'you think you're doing at this hour?

You never ordered us to stop pumping, Captain. So here we are, pumping.

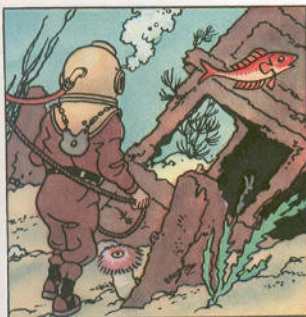
To be precise: we're pumping.

Off to bed, nitwits! You'll have plenty more pumping, believe me!



The next morning...

Something tells me Tintin is going to find the treasure this morning.



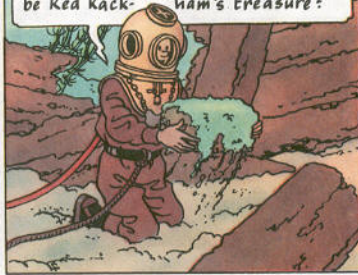
Another bottle of rum! ... I'll leave it there for the Captain.



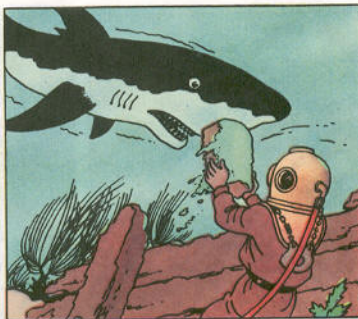
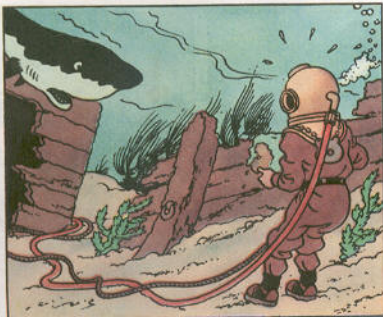
Hello, I wonder what we've got here?

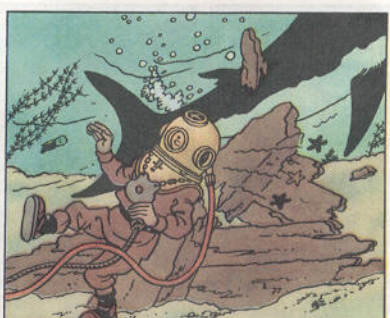


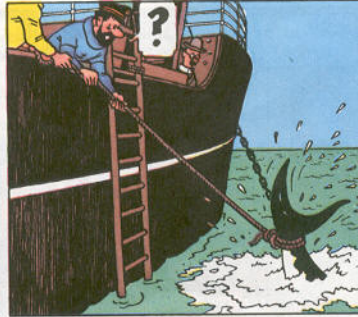
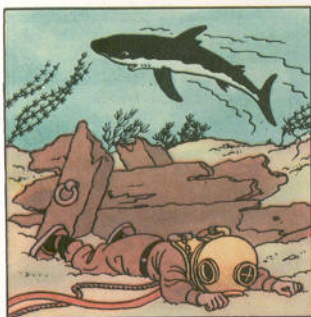
A casket! Great snakes! Can it be Red Rackham's treasure?



I'll go straight up, and see what's inside this casket!







Well, what's the meaning of this little joke?

Little joke?... Just cut open that shark, Captain, and you'll see.

In any case, I believe the fins are particularly tasty...

A few minutes later...

Captain!... Captain!... Look what we found in the shark's stomach!

A casket!... A casket!... Red Rackham's treasure!... Here it is at last!

Quick, into my cabin!

Hm!... Not so easy! It's all rusted up.

It's no good, you'll snap the blade. Better try this case opener.

Good idea. Hold it tight, you two.

Go on! Go on: don't worry, we're holding it...

Got it!...

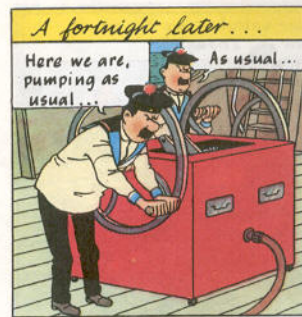
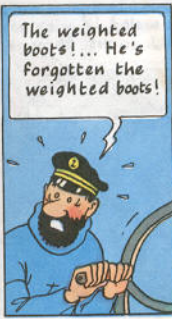
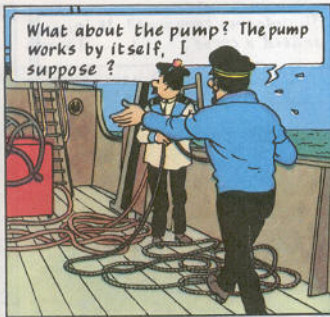
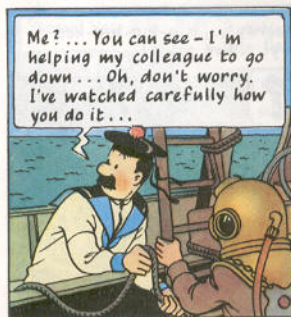
Billions of bilious blue blistering barnacles in a thundering typhoon!... It's not the treasure!

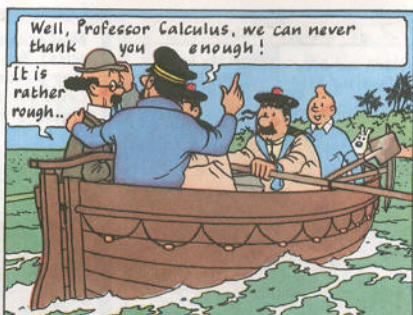
These are old documents, half eaten away by damp!

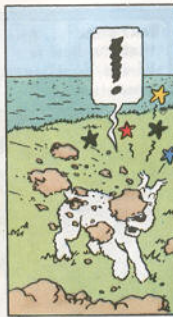
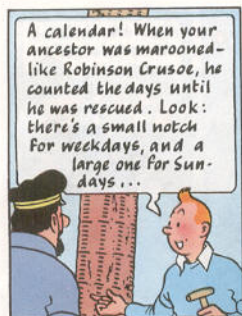
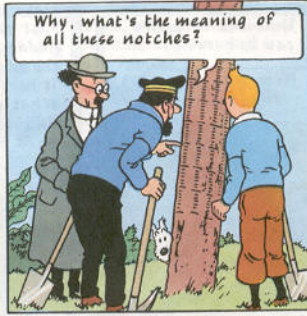
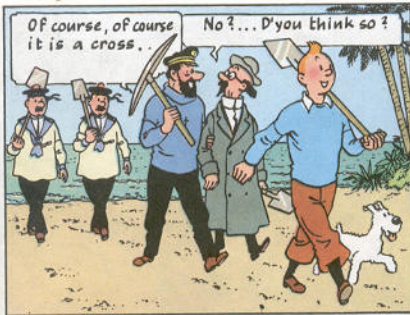
Documents? Fine! And what am I supposed to do with documents?

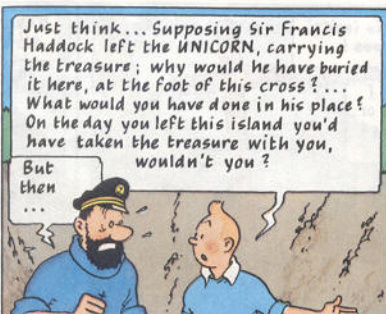
Come now, Captain, don't lose heart!... We'll continue our search.

What's the use?











Now, Captain, you sit down while I go and have a look for those two...



All right.

I wonder where they've got to, the sillies!



Where has Tintin gone?

He's gone west!



I think I can hear them.



What on earth are you doing here?



Us?... We're filling in this hole... It's safer... People never look where they're going...



Next day...

Well, you've quite made up your mind to go on searching?

For a few more days, Captain. Look, today is the 9th. If we haven't found anything by the 15th, we'll give up the game and go home...



Just as you please...

You won't regret it. And it will give us a chance to try and raise some of the remains of the UNICORN... The figure-head, for instance.

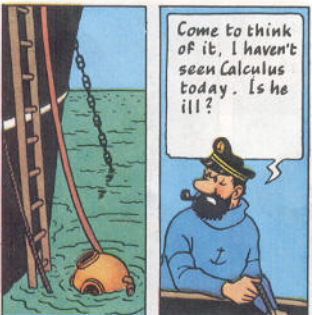


OFF we go! Pumping again!

Here's to the 15th when we'll be able to stop! I'm fed up with this business...



Come to think of it, I haven't seen Calculus today. Is he ill?



10 THURSDAY



11 FRIDAY

What's up with Calculus? He's not left his cabin for three days.



12 SATURDAY



13

SUNDAY

Still no luck,
Captain...



14

MONDAY



15

TUESDAY



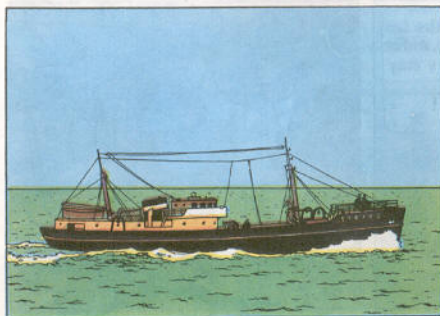
?



What...
What's hap-
pening?... It
looks as if...



Oh dear,
I'm right!
...I must
warn the
Captain!



Come on, Captain,
don't let this upset
you. It's bad luck,
I know, but you
must make the
best of it...



Captain!... Captain!...
The ship is sailing!

Well, what would
you like it to do?
Dance a jig?



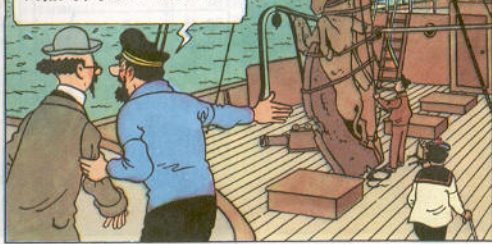
Ah, I see now. At last
you have realised
that the UNICORN is
not where you were
looking; you are
steering westwards.
I understand...



I've had enough!
Come with me!



You see that, eh? I
suppose it's the figure-
head of the TITANIC!



My word, it's a unicorn!
But what about my pendulum,
which swung to the west?...
How extraordinary...



16

WEDNESDAY

17

THURSDAY

18

FRIDAY

19

SATURDAY

20

SUNDAY

21

MONDAY

22

TUESDAY





Hello. Yes...
"Daily Reporter"
...Yes...What?
The SIRIUS has
docked?...Are
you sure?...
Good... Thanks!



Hello, is that you
Rogers?... Go to the
docks at once. The
SIRIUS has just come
in... I want a good
story about her!



Well, Captain, I'll say goodbye to you
now. I'll have my submarine collected
tomorrow morning.

All right. Good.



Now, please let me thank
you, Captain. You have
been so very kind.

Oh, it was nothing.



Yes, yes, Captain. Thanks to
you, I shall always have unfor-
gettable memories of my stay
on board...

So shall I!



Er... excuse me... I
missed a step!



Allow me to introduce
myself: Ken Rogers
of the "Daily Reporter"

"Daily Reporter"?
Wasn't yours the
paper that gave
the news of our
departure?



It was!... And we
would like to publish
a sensational article
about your trip. May
I ask you a few
questions?

Of course...

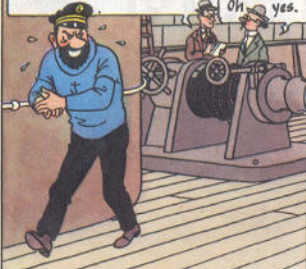


I'm rather busy myself. This
is my secretary, Mr. Calcul-
us; he will be happy to
answer all your inquiries.

Delighted...



Now Mr. Calculus, about the treas-
ure...



I'm sure you have it
there, in that suit-
case...

Thank you,
I'll carry it
myself.



I can understand
that!... Now tell me,
what does the treasure
consist of?

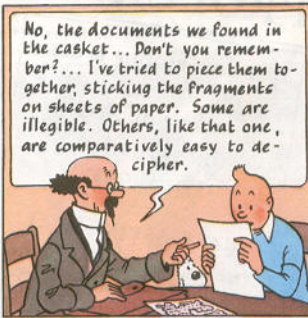
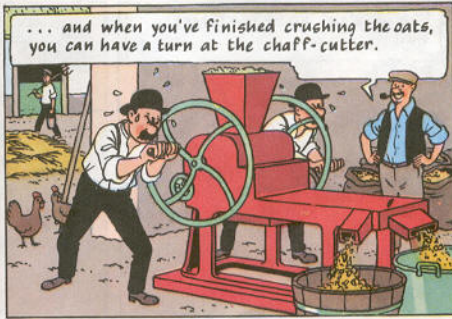
No?... Not
really?...



No, I asked you what
was in the treasure
you found. Was it
gold?... Pearls?...
Diamonds?

Incredible! I
don't believe a
word of it!





Charles the Second, by ye Grace of God King of England, desiring to reward Our trusty and beloved Knight, Francis Haddock... Blistering barnacles!

The rest! Read the rest!



Charles the Second by ye Grace of God King of England, desiring to reward Our trusty and beloved Knight Francis Haddock, for his devoted service by grant and bestow Our favor of Marlinspike Hall, Messages and comments, as foretold. Given and delivered, and this fifteenth day of July, seventh year of

Thundering typhoons! Am I dreaming! It's Marlinspike Hall!... Marlinspike, my family estate! It's fantastic!...



But you don't know the latest! Wait, you'll see...



Here... read this!



Well, what about that?



PROPER
JAMES BIDDUP & CO.
For Sale by Auction
ON SATURDAY,
9TH AUGUST
MARLINSPIKE HALL
This magnificent, beautifully appointed, and historic residence extensive parkland and

What about it?... Well, Captain, it's quite simple. Your family estate is for sale?... You must buy it back!

Buy it back! With what?



That's true... We need some money.

Heigh-ho!... If only we'd found that wretched treasure, there'd be no question.



May I please have a look too?

Of course.



Captain, Marlinspike Hall is for sale!... Look! We must buy it back!

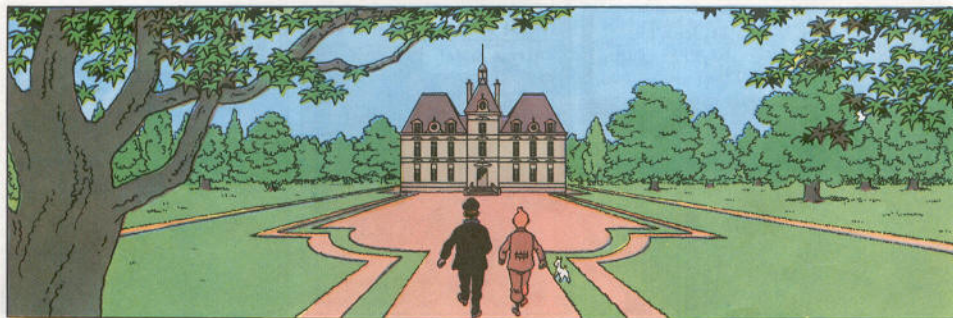
Oh, yes?

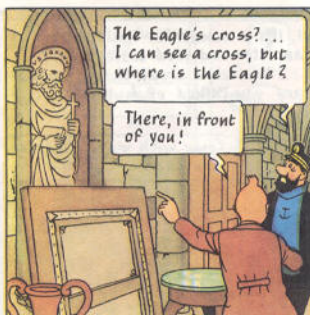


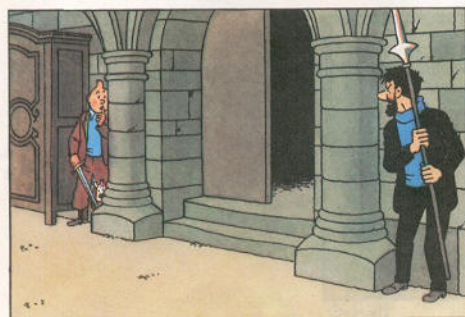
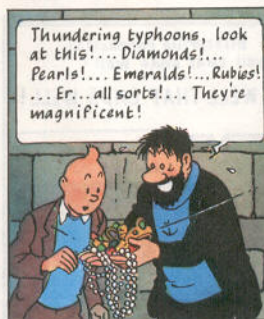
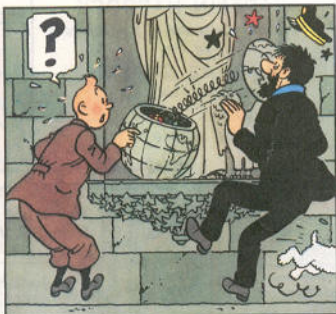
Buy it back?... That's easy, eh?... What about the money? I suppose you've got the money, eh?

Oh, yes, money!... That doesn't matter!...







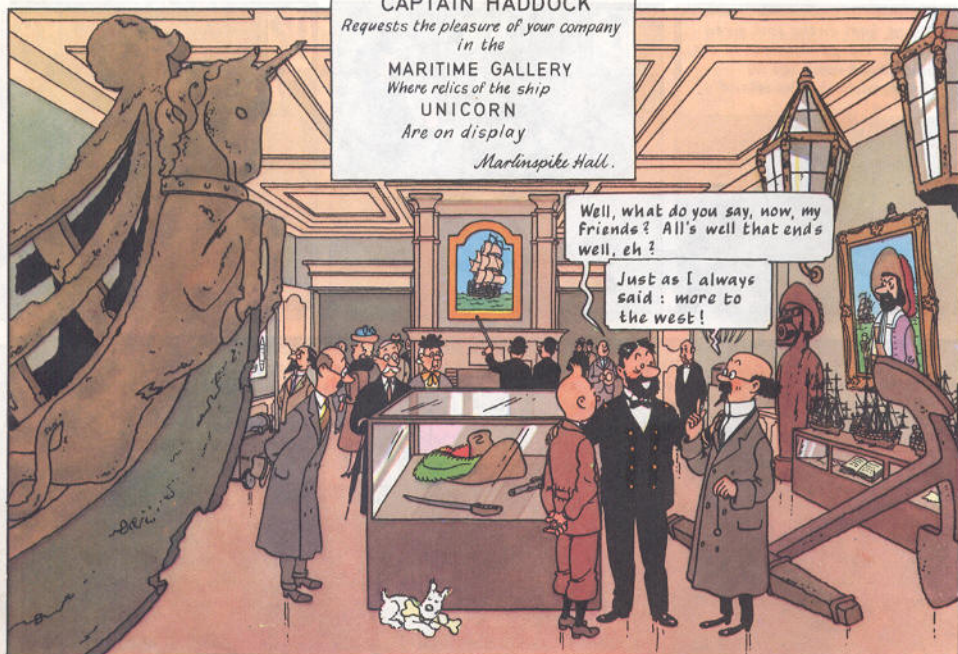


CAPTAIN HADDOCK

*Requests the pleasure of your company
in the
MARITIME GALLERY
Where relics of the ship
UNICORN
Are on display
Martinspike Hall.*

Well, what do you say, now, my friends? All's well that ends well, eh?

Just as I always said: more to the west!



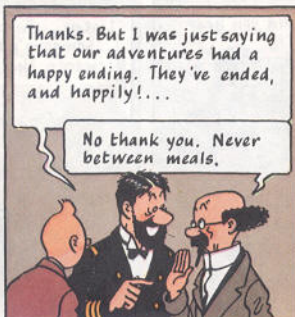
Yes, yes. But I said: all's well that ends well. Don't you agree?

Your maritime gallery?... I think it is very successful!



Thanks. But I was just saying that our adventures had a happy ending. They've ended, and happily!...

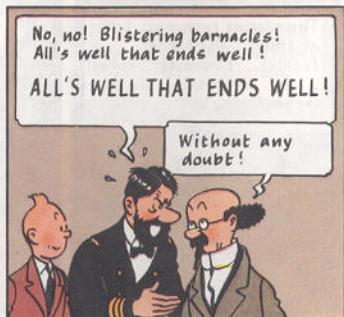
No thank you. Never between meals.



No, no! Blistering barnacles! All's well that ends well!

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL!

Without any doubt!



... and this is just the moment to quote that old saying: All's well that ends well!



HERSE.